THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

July, 1803.

THE MAID OF BUTTERMERE.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

Assist her, hearts from anguish free;
Assist her, sweet humanity.

MARY Robinson, more generally known by the appellation of "The Beauty of Buttermere," has been much noticed by the visitors of the Lakes, for her personal charms, and propriety of conduct, and now generally pitied for her unfortunate marriage with the impostor HATFIELD, who represented himself as the Honourable Colonel Hope, and brother to the Earl of Hopetoun. Soon after the marriage, Hatfield was accused of forgery; and it having been proved that he was previously married on Sept. 14th, 1800, in the parish church of Scarborough, to Michilli Nation, (now living,) he quitted Buttermere precipitately; but was taken at Brecknock, in Wales, and sent up to London. He has been several times examined at Bow-street; and now remains to take his trial for forgery and bigamy.

The following letter from Miss Robinson, addressed to Sir R. FORD, contains the most poignant satire against her abandoned seducer:

"Sir,

"The man whom I had the *misfortune* to marry, and who has *ruined* me and my aged and unhappy

parents, always told me that he was the Honourable Colonel Hope, and next brother to the Earl of Hopetoun.

Your grateful and unfortunate servant,
MARY ROBINSON."

The unaffected simplicity of this letter, from a young woman wounded in the most severe manner, must excite universal pity: and more so, to hear that she was a short time since delivered of a dead child, the fruit of this unfortunate union. Subscriptions are now raising in several parts of the country, to enable this much injured young woman, and her aged parents, in some measure to enjoy the tranquillity they experienced before they were deceived by a *villain*.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LIX.

[Continued from Vol. X.]

WHAT mischiefs have arisen from vanity! and in every case, how poor are the qualifications it has to bestow!

Louisa Melville, before she reached the age of sixteen, was universally allowed to be one of the prettiest girls in the town in which her family resided, and she was equally admired for mental endowments, as for personal charms. Though neither born to rank nor affluence, her education was not neglected; but nature, and her own assiduity, did more for her than her parents or instructors. She made the best use of the few advantages she possessed, and, by application, was soon qualified to outstrip every rival and competitor. When nineteen, she had acquired such a stock of general knowledge, and improved herself by reading with so much success, that to her own sex she became the object of envy, as she was of admiration to the other. She was sprightly in conversation, but prudent

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dent in deportment: her affability and good sense were even more attractive than her beauty: and happy was the man who could engage her attention, and who possessed himself sufficient taste and sentiment to relish that refinement and delicacy which shone forth in all that she said or did.

Conscious that her society gave pleasure, and, perhaps, inspired with a youthful vanity of making conquests, by degrees she enlarged the circle of her male acquaintances; and by the time she was one-and-twenty, almost every hour of her time was filled up by calls from the frivolous or the idle, who were pleased to trifle away their heavy moments in converse with youth, innocence, and beauty. One or two young gentlemen, who were her superiors in rank and fortune, there was every reason to suppose, were sighing to obtain her exclusive regard; but when they would have poured out their heart before her, they found her engaged in conversation with those who had no object beyond killing a leisure hour in agreeable company, and whose vanity was flattered by the easiness with which they procured access, and the gaiety and freedom of Louisa's conversation on every subject that was incidentally started.

There is a delicacy in real regard that shrinks from public observation; and a nice sense of propriety, that leads the genuine lover to imagine his mistress is polluted, by indiscriminate conversation with every person who solicits her attention. Perhaps those who admired and esteemed Louisa Melville with the greatest degree of fervour, were, for this very reason, the least entertaining to a young lady of her disposition. Amidst such a crowd of visitants, while every tongue poured forth its adulation, and every eye sparkled with pleasure at her sight, she vainly imagined it would be no difficult matter to find a lover whenever she pleased. Flattered with the general homage paid to her beauty and her wit, she seemed to have neither time nor inclination for particular selection; and, with a heart strictly virtuous and disengaged, she gradually began

to find, that though every one courted her society, no one in earnest made her those professions of partial love which are so agreeable to a female ear. She opened her eyes to her folly; but it was now too late; and, with the consciousness of innocence, which, indeed, had never been impeached, except by the envious prudes of her own sex, she discovered that the compliments she received from the gentlemen, were now rather the offspring of gallantry than of sentiment; and that her character was rendered suspected, solely by the very open and unguarded ease with which she had suffered herself to be addressed.

Though her vanity, and even her feelings, were deeply wounded by this reflection, she found it difficult to alter her behaviour. If she denied herself to those who used to lounge away their mornings in her company, it was immediately concluded that she was privately engaged; if she admitted her usual visitants, it was only to be mortified with a repetition of the same fulsome unmeaning adulation which had been so long paid to her without producing any declaration of partial attachment. Without a disposition for reserve, she imposed restraints on her words and looks, which were only interpreted to her disadvantage. She was alternately gay and distant; and sensible that she had been injuring both her prospects and her character by indiscriminate familiarity, she took every method, which delicacy would allow, to emancipate herself from the mere flatterers of her vanity, and to draw out the real sentiments of such as she hoped, or wished, might be inspired with tender sentiments towards her. Her conversation, which used to be full of freedom and vivacity, now turned on subjects which might lead her apparent admirers to explain themselves; but, instead of succeeding in her aims, the majority finding she was no longer inclined to amuse them when they had nothing else to do but talk nonsense, dropt off, and sought some more inexperienced female, who would be pleased with general compliments; and the rest could not help observing to each other,

other, that Louisa Melville was now fishing for a husband, and that they must be on their guard.

Thus at the age of twenty-five, after being for six years the object of general attraction, her levees became deserted by all who had crowded them before; and she was obliged to retire to the house of a relation in a distant part of the kingdom, to avoid the triumphant malice of her own sex, and the sneers of such as had only flattered her to deceive. She had not been long in this situation before a lover appeared; but as prudence required that he should acquaint himself with her previous life and conversation, enquiries only excited his suspicion; and though no evidence could be produced, because none existed, that her person was not pure, it was concluded, and perhaps on just grounds, that the mind which had been accustomed to such a promiscuous society, could not escape being tainted. We look at the garden flower with pleasure, but we have little desire to make it our own; but if by chance we find the same blooming in the secret shade, we fancy its odours are sweeter, and we fondly transplant it into our borders. It is thus with genuine love: interest and policy may induce men to overlook the previous conduct of those with whom they connect themselves, if it has not been marked by flagrant violations of decorum; but a generous attachment can only spring from a conviction of unsullied worth, and of a heart that has admitted no former impression. It is commonly supposed, that in the bosom which has once tenderly, truly loved, the enthusiasm of affection can never be a second time renewed; and though the new admirer of Louisa Melville could gain no certain evidence that her heart had ever been really engaged, his vanity could not reach such a pitch, as to make him forget, that of the numbers who had solicited her notice, some might, in all probability, have been more likely to make an impression than himself.

Others, who admired her person and manners, probably felt and reasoned in the same manner; and she

returned to her native place without making, or at least fixing, a conquest. Reiterated instances of neglect, disappointment, and vexation, preying on a heart of sensibility, and, aggravated by the reflection, that the vanity of studying to be universally admired, instead of being individually loved, had been the source of her misfortunes, threw her into a slow fever. Her bloom faded, the roses left her cheek; and had she not felt resources within herself, and mustered all her resolution to recover some share of the composure she had lost, it is probable she would have sunk into an untimely grave. By slow degrees, however, she regained her health, and her beauty returned to nearly its former lustre; but younger competitors for admiration had arisen, and she was now only talked of as a girl that had once been pleasing; while those who had most sedulously furnished fuel to her vanity, were the first to condemn it, and to join in ridiculing the folly of her past conduct.

To withdraw from the public eye, when the public is no longer disposed to favour, is no difficult task. Louisa in a manner secluded herself from the world, and was seen only by those who were allied to her by blood, or by a generous sympathy. In this situation, she was addressed by a gentleman, who, in the height of her popularity, would have experienced only ridicule or disdain. Wearied of her unprotected state, she listened to his proposals, though a stranger, and unknown. Suffice it to say, they were speedily united; but in less than twelvemonths he deserted her and an infant daughter; and, to the inexpressible anguish of the unhappy woman, it was found that the villain had another wife, and a large family, whom he had previously abandoned, residing in Ireland.

From the fate of Louisa Melville, let others learn to shun the rock on which she split. Vanity, when once thoroughly mortified, will stoop to any thing; and the winding up of her fortune was only a natural result of the path she had pursued, which regularly conducted to it.

THE JUVENILE MONITOR.

BY EDWIN.

NO. VII.

ON TIME.

——————Spatio brevi
Spern longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: Carpe diem, quàm minimum credula postero.
Hor. i. od. 11. 6.

TO a considerate mind, it must be a matter of very serious and extraordinary deliberation, that creatures who are to be rewarded or punished in another world, as they either conduct themselves according to, or neglect the precepts of, religion in this, should wantonly fling away any portion of that precarious time, which, by pious and benevolent exertions, might be brought to so advantageous an account, not only in point of present peace, but of future and eternal bliss.

The life of man is limited to threescore years and ten; and though some few arrive at a more advanced period of existence, yet how many of our fellow-creatures go to the land where all things are forgotten, even before they have lived half the years appointed to man upon earth! Some in the flower of infancy, some in the bloom of youth, and others in the prime of manhood. It is the present moment only we can call our own: before to-morrow's sun shall gild the horizon, all our earthly prospects may be closed; the cold hand of Death may have arrested our progress; and nothing will then be left of what once was young, gay, and beautiful, but a lifeless lump of clay. Before to-morrow's dawn, the tongue, but a few days since so eloquent in praise of virtue; the dear relation, reader, on whose lips you so often hang with profit and delight, whose sparkling eye beams forth

forth in all the splendour of health and peace, may be called upon to exchange this mortal for an immortal and incorruptible inheritance. In short, so ignorant are we of the mysterious ways of Providence, that we know not one moment what the next may bring forth.

"Where is to-morrow?—In another world.
"For numbers this is certain; the reverse
"Is sure to none."

There are a description of persons in the world, who, without any intention of denying the doctrines of the gospel, can scarcely be said to believe in them, since their faith is in no degree demonstrated in their lives: they do not, perhaps, give themselves up to any flagrant vices, or gross immoralities; but they live in the gay circles of life, without paying any attention to the important duties of religion, without making the scriptures the rule of their faith and manners, the object of their most serious study, and the sure rock whereon to rest their eternal hopes. With too many of these persons life rolls away in a course of shapeless idleness; its recreations constitute its chief business; watering-places, the sports of the field, cards! never-failing cards, the assembly, the theatre, all contribute their aid: amusements are multiplied, combined, and varied, to fill up the void of a listless and languid life; and, by a judicious use of these different resources, there is often a kind of settled sober plan of dissipation; in which, with all imaginable decency, year after year, life wears away in unprofitable vacancy; and yet these infatuated beings willingly persuade themselves they have no occasion to be alarmed; they therefore continue indolently to glide down the stream of life, without any apprehension of the consequences.

The class of persons above mentioned (how willingly would I flatter myself the votaries to their philosophy are not very numerous!) pay but little attention to the duties of that sacred day, which all mankind

kind are commanded to keep holy. Are they attentively employed in studying the word of God, in meditating upon his perfections, his attributes, and mercies? Are the more affluent relieving the wants of the poor and distressed, instructing the illiterate, and cloathing the naked? Are the better informed pouring the balm of religious consolation into the afflicted bosoms of the widow and the orphan? Would to heaven it were so! But, alas! so entirely opposite is the line of conduct they pursue, that Sunday with them, to say the best of it, is "but a *heavy* day;" and it is by no means uncommon for parties to meet where it is not even pretended that the discourse turns upon religious topics; and many who will not engage in light amusements and parties, "allow themselves to fancy that the name of *sacred music* sanctifies the diversion" of that evil, now so prevalent in the more polished circles of society, Sunday concerts. A specious mask truly! and they who are allured by it, come not seldom under the description of what the world calls "*good sort of people!*" who, under the pretended sanction of a religious exercise, neglect their families, and suffer their servants to be deprived of the Christian privilege of attending the house of the Lord, and in cultivating the tempers and dispositions which the gospel inculcates. It is not our duty to judge and to condemn; but let us, at least, earnestly endeavour to rouse the idle and profane from their lethargy; and, if possible, by entreaty, lead them to a sense of their duty. It is a melancholy and deeply-afflicting reflection, that there should be a creature found possessed of rational faculties, and engaged in a trial in which his eternal interest is at stake, designedly dissipating half the fleeting moments of so short a period of existence as this life, even when extended beyond its common duration, is. If, reader, thou art thus indolently and unprofitably wasting the precious hours of thy life, neglecting religious duties, and drawing down upon thyself the wrathful displeasure of thy heavenly Parent,

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while it is yet day, direct thy thoughts, I beseech thee, to the contemplation of the character of thy Saviour and Redeemer: behold him, in the impressive language of holy writ, going about doing good; behold him healing the afflicted, instructing the ignorant, and keeping himself unspotted from the world.

If, then, we would grow in Christian principles, we must be much conversant in the doctrines of the Gospel; neither business nor pleasure must induce us to relinquish this divine study: it will assuredly instruct us how to obtain true peace, which can only be purchased by the strict performance of every moral and religious duty: we shall find this the most invigorating and refreshing occupation that can engage our thoughts, as it relates to ourselves, our duties, and expectancies.

"What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
"The soul's calm sun shine, and the heartfelt joy,
"Is virtue's prize."

Let us, then, instead of passing our sojourning here in unmeaning conversations, and frivolous pursuits, reflect upon the uncertainty of life, and the strict account we must one day give before the awful tribunal of the Deity: and if these considerations have their due weight, they will deeply impress our minds with a sense of religion, will raise our thoughts from the low and shallow pursuit of earthly things, and direct them with confidence to the fountain of living waters: thus shall we lose our relish for the pomps and vanities of life, and become diligent in making provision for eternity: and of this truth let us all be fully assured, that a strict attention to religion, will render us better qualified to perform the most complicated duties of active live, and that the most active life will always afford sufficient leisure for the public and private exercise of religious duties. By such conduct we shall assuredly obtain peace in this life, in despight of

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the rubs of the world; and a crown of never-fading felicity in the one to which we are all hastening. Let us, then, by an undeviating and sedulous attention to the precepts of the Gospel, endeavour to redeem the time, and, by unfeigned repentance, to secure the approbation of that adorable Being, "who ever liveth to make intercession for us." Thus shall we, in all the various vicissitudes and afflictions to which we are exposed, conduct ourselves with composure and patience, pass through this world with Contentment and Serenity as our constant companions;

"And as the evening of our lives shall close,
"The peaceful evening, hail, with firmest hopes,
"The approaching dawn of everlasting day."

G. B.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY.

AN ACTUAL FACT.

I WERE standing at my door one evening, contemplating the beauties of a most luxuriant sunset, when a poor old woman, extremely infirm, sat her down upon my step to rest her. She had two herrings wrapt up in a cabbage leaf in one hand, which, when she had seated herself, she laid down upon the step by her side, and a stick to support her tottering frame in the other. In a few minutes after another woman came up, and asked me to buy her matches. I told her I did not want any. She had a child in her hand, of about seven years old; and having occasion to rest her foot upon the step for something, her cloak fell back, and discovered a most beautiful little infant. I ventured to ask the woman its age: she replied, six weeks. I think it was the sweetest cherub I ever saw. "I have not long sold matches," said the poor woman,

woman, while tears started in her eyes. "I had once a comfortable house, decently furnished, to live in. When I had lain in of this child (pointing to her infant) a fortnight, the woman who nursed me during my lying-in robbed me, and I have since been obliged to pawn what things she left, to support myself and children. About the same time my husband met with an accident, and of which he still lies in St Bartholomew's Hospital; and though I cannot contribute any assistance to him, yet it is some satisfaction for him to see me. I send this lad (shewing the lad to me) every morning to the Hospital; for all the sick have an allowance of pottage; and out of what they leave, the nurses are so good as to give him a hearty breakfast." As soon as the unfortunate woman had finished her tale of woe, the old woman (whom I before spoke of) thrust one of her two herrings into her hand. The other, almost petrified with astonishment, refused it; but the old woman would take no denial, and persisted in her acceptance of it, which she did; and I reflected within myself, that, like the widow's mite, how far superior, how far more blest, was that little boon, than ten times the worth from the rich and ostentatious! And I then acknowledged the justness of Gray's remark in his ode to Spring:

> How vain the ardour of the crowd,
> How low, how little are the proud,
> How indigent the great!

when so poor a woman could at all times be ready to halve her little treasure with a fellow creature in distress!

R. T. OLIVANT.

THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

A TALE FOUNDED UPON FACT.

MAN (observes the Royal Preacher) is as naturally born to *sorrow*, as sparks to arise from the heat of flame; and the truth of this remark has been completely verified, in the various disappointments I have met with in life. In short, it may be said, that my misfortunes commenced before my existence, which happened a short time before my elder brother came of age, who, for a sum of ready money, joined with my father in cutting off the entail of a very fine estate. As the children had all been girls, except my hopeful brother, who was one of the most dissipated young men of the age, and my father had likewise been extremely extravagant, he thought himself authorised to cut off the entail. A few months after the execution of this plan between them, I, unfortunately, made my appearance in the world; and a short time afterwards my brother fell a victim to the dissipated life in which he had indulged. As only the parties concerned were made acquainted with the transaction, every other person of course considered me as the *heir;* and as my brother had been by a former marriage, my mother, I believe, was not much concerned at his death.

My father was too fond of the sports of the country, to devote any time to the education of his child; and as I was considered as a person of no small consequence in the family, I was permitted to indulge every childish caprice. I was sent to school, it is true; but the master was requested to allow me superior indulgences to the rest of the boys; and, to obtain these for me, my mother loaded him with presents, which were attended with the most pernicious effect. So much pocket money was allowed me, that I could always bribe my schoolfellows either to assist or perform my tasks,

and the consequence of this was, that, at the age of sixteen, I had not more information than the generality of boys obtain at eight.

At this period of my life, I had the misfortune to lose my mother; and as it was the first sorrow I had ever felt, it made a strong impression upon my heart; and eighteen months afterwards my father was brought home lifeless by a fall from his horse, which had dislocated his neck. I immediately, of course, discovered the calamity which had overtaken me even before my appearance in the world: but this was not all, for the estate was mortgaged for very near as much as it was worth. My two surviving sisters, however, were married to gentlemen in the neighbourhood, whose fortunes were sufficient to support them genteelly. I was, therefore, the only one who severely felt the misfortune, or had reason to deplore the severity of fate.

A brother of my mother's, a singular old bachelor, offered to take me under his care; at the same time informing me, if I was of a pliant disposition, in all probability, he should make me his heir. As I knew this relation to be the most eccentric of all beings, I felt the utmost repugnance to removing to his house; but my education had been so completely superficial, that there was no method by which I could obtain a support. My uncle not only possessed a thousand singularities, but was penurious and miserly to the extreme; and though his fortune was immense, yet his establishment merely consisted of a maid and a boy. Instead of a table furnished with all the luxuries of the season, where profusion was lavish of those articles which were purchased with the most expence, a shin of beef, or scrag of mutton, stewed with the common vegetables, was the only dish which in general supplied our scanty meals. My appetite had been so completely pampered by luxurious living, that for some time I really thought I must have been starved; but finding the old gentleman paid no attention to my

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want of appetite, the real want of nature compelled me to eat.

To add to the misery I endured by this change of situation, it took place at the most gloomy time of the year; and, to save the expence of fire and candle, the family retired when the clock struck eight. My employment was to read the newspaper literally through every morning, and to assist the boy in cultivating a small piece of ground; but merely with those kind of productions of which the family were able to make use. By degrees, I began to acquire a relish for reading, and the clergyman of the parish kindly supplied me with books. Indeed, all the neighbouring families seemed to pity my situation; and one gentleman, in particular, gave me a general invitation to his house.

The name of this amiable man was *Pemberton*, and he rented a small farm upon my uncle's estate. His mind was well informed, but his health was too delicate to permit him to live in town. In consequence of this, he had been obliged to relinquish a lucrative employment, and to try the effect of native air; and though his fortune was small, the benevolence of his disposition made him deprive himself of many pleasures for the sake of relieving the distressed. It was from the society of this gentleman that I first discovered my own deficiencies; and from his conversation my mind naturally became more improved. In short, he taught me to become reconciled to an uncomfortable situation; and his charming daughter soon inspired me with the passion of love.

No two beings could be more opposite than my uncle and Mr. Pemberton: the one lived only for himself, the other for mankind: the one had the highest notions of honour; whilst the other was completely destitute of those disinterested principles which adorn the liberal mind. As I had never any thoughts I wished to conceal from this estimable character, he soon observed the partiality I felt for his child; and cautioned me against indulging a passion which might prove destructive to my future prospects in life. "Your

uncle, (said he,) my young friend, will never permit you to marry a girl with no other portion than her worth; and I cannot suffer you to trifle with my Charlotte's affections, or to endeavour to obtain a place in her heart. I ought to have foreseen the consequence of your being so much together; and not have suffered the wish of rendering your situation more agreeable, to have made me blind to what might occur; but not any thing of less importance than the happiness of my daughter, could induce me to request your visits may be much less frequent at my house."

"Do you forbid me then from seeing the only being who can soften the severity of my destiny?" I exclaimed, in an impassioned tone of voice. "I do not absolutely forbid it," replied Mr. Pemberton; "but I can no longer sanction your visits here, without your uncle's leave. If you do not chuse ingenuously to own your attachment, endeavour to find out whether he has any other object in view; for I have this morning been informed, that he intends you for Mr. Godsell's daughter; and he is the only person whom he seems to consider in the light of a friend."

This intelligence brought to my mind a conversation which had passed between us respecting the fortune Miss G—— would possess a few days before; but as the subject of matrimony never had been mentioned, it made not the slightest impression upon my mind. All former distresses appeared light in comparison to that of being refused admission into Mr. Pemberton's house; and though I had not resolution to inform my uncle of my attachment, I determined, let the consequence be what it would, never to marry Miss G. I returned home in a state of anxiety much more easily imagined than described, and found Mr. Godsell sitting with my uncle, though it was the hour at which the family generally retired.

"Why have you been absent so long, Henry?" said he in a stern accent. "My friend has been waiting to see you more than three hours. We have been conversing upon a plan I have long had in agitation; and

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in the course of a few months I hope to see it fulfilled." My agitation was so great, I could not reply to this exordium, which my uncle easily perceived. "What is the matter with the blockhead?" he enquired in a tone of anger. "I think, Sir, you seem little deserving of such a friend. You have so long been accustomed to live a life of idleness, that I suppose you are frightened at the idea of a little work. But that gentleman, whom I have known these five-and-twenty years, absolutely began the world without a single groat."

Delighted at the idea of the plan not being that which I had dreaded, I told him a sudden giddiness had attacked my head; but that, so far from not desiring to make an exertion to procure an independence, it was certainly the first wish of my heart; and that I should long since have told him so, had I not been fearful it might not entirely have corresponded with his views.

"Well said, young gentleman," exclaimed old Godsell. "No money looks so bright as that which is earned by trade: and as my girl has taken a sort of liking to you, why I have been telling your uncle I will give you a share in the house; that is, provided you can write pretty fairly, and are quick at that most necessary of all things, accompts."

I stammered out something like being flattered by Miss Godsell's good opinion, and gratitude for the testimony her father was ready to give me of his regard, when my uncle remarked, that I did not seem to comprehend the business; which was, that I must make the young lady an offer of my hand. "And so (continued he) Mr. Godsell, instead of bestowing a marriage portion upon his daughter, will give you a certain share in the trade; and I will take a house near him for you, and advance five thousand pounds for you to begin the world." Again my tongue refused to give utterance to my feelings, which my uncle again observing, declared I was turned fool. Mr. Godsell, however, seemed to entertain a more favorable opinion of me;

and, upon taking leave, desired me to call upon him the next morning. Instead of my uncle retiring, as usual, he sat up for two hours, describing the different fortunes which had been made in trade; and, upon retiring, observed, that if I was industrious, and made a good husband, I should certainly have every farthing he possessed.

Of all the young women I had ever seen, Miss Godsell was the most disagreeable. She was deformed in person, and unamiable in mind; and had my affections been disengaged, and her fortune even been treble, I never could have consented to make her my wife. But when I drew a comparison between her and the amiable Charlotte Pemberton, the very idea of an union excited disgust; and I determined candidly to state the situation of my heart to my uncle, and tell him I could not consent to the plan which had been proposed. In the most respectful manner I implored his forgiveness for not being able to fulfil his desires; and offered to devote my whole attention to any employment, provided he would allow me the privilege of chusing a wife.

I shall not attempt either to describe his rage or indignation; but merely say, that he immediately turned me almost pennyless out of doors; burnt his will in my favour, left his fortune to different charities, and died of a paralytic stroke in the course of six weeks.

From the worthy Mr. Pemberton I received a letter of recommendation to the head partner of a large banking house in town; and I can truly say, that the cruel treatment I received from my uncle affected him as much as it did myself. I no longer endeavoured to inspire the breast of his lovely daughter with affection, and really felt miserable when I found I had obtained possession of her heart; for the idea of bringing beggary upon the woman I thought worthy of a diadem, added much to the affliction which agitated my breast. With a disinterestedness only known to the humane and liberal, Mr. Pemberton promised, if I was at a future

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period able to maintain her, Charlotte should become my wife; and, stimulated by this promise, I was indefatigable in the employment which through his recommendation I had the good fortune to obtain. Two years elapsed, in which time I had so far gained the good opinion of my employers (and particularly of the one to whom I had been recommended by my friend) that he actually proposed to the other partners, the giving me a small share in the concerns of the house.

The delight I felt at being able to support my beloved Charlotte, may be more easily imagined than described; and I received a promise from Mr. Pemberton, that at the expiration of a twelvemonth after my being admitted into partnership, she should become my wife. The articles were drawn up; I was to have an eighth of the profits; and I believe happiness was never greater than mine; but the morning on which they were to have been signed, I had the misery of hearing that my worthy protector was found dead in his bed. The two other partners, though they had agreed to his proposal, from not chusing to offend a man by whom each of them had been raised, informed me, that as the papers had not been signed, and they had several relations, they could not think of allowing me a share in the concern.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

I HAVE often been surprised at observing the pleasure which the *generality* of females testify at hearing individuals of their *own sex* mentioned with disrespect; and, instead of endeavouring to palliate the little failings which are attributed to them, each seems ready to discover something which a less microscopic eye had not seen. It is astonishing to me, Sir, that, with all the penetration which the generality of females are allowed to possess, they do not perceive how

how much they lessen themselves in the opinion of every man of feeling and sense, by not only appearing to feel pleasure from detracting from the worth of their acquaintance, but even exposing the faults of their friends. To what are we to ascribe this unamiable practice? is it the desire of elevating their own character above that which they degrade? or is it to be attributed to the effect of that baneful passion, envy, which feels mortified at hearing another being praised? To whatever course we are to ascribe the detestable spirit of detraction, much is it to be lamented, that it so generally prevails; and particularly is it to be regretted, that those who ought to set an example of kindness and affection, should feel pleasure in listening to, and circulating detractive, tales!

I have been led to make these reflections from having lately passed some time in the country with a female relation, whom I had not seen since a boy, and who, considering me as her son, expressed her sentiments before me without the least constraint or reserve.

As this lady is my godmother, as well as near relation, and acted with the greatest friendship towards me, I have always felt for her the highest respect, and looked forward to our interview with those emotions of pleasure, which it is much more easy to conceive than express. She received me with warmth, expressed pleasure at the alteration in my person, and introduced me as her adopted son to a circle of female friends; but, in the course of the afternoon's conversation, I could not help feeling myself dissapointed at hearing her sentiments so opposite to what I had reason to expect.

My godmother has certainly been a fine woman, but her charms are evidently upon the decline; yet she seems envious of all those who still possess them; and, to counteract the powers of their beauty, discovers some defect in their mind. Her companions were four ladies; three of them about her own standing; with one who appeared about my own age, whose beautiful form

form instantly attracted my attention, and it was united to what would be generally called *a pretty face.* I soon found the conversation had been upon a young lady in the neighbourhood, who was expected to join the circle that night, whom each of the party present were accusing of some imperfection, either in person or in mind. As the subject was renewed soon after I was seated, I addressed myself to the young lady, and demanded whether she agreed with my aunt. "Oh, the gentlemen," she replied, "are the best judges of female beauty; and I shall not give my opinion until I hear yours." At that instant the door opened, and the most lovely girl I had ever beheld entered the room; yet so completely unconscious did she seem of her own perfections, that I could not suppose her to be the vain beauty my relation had just abused. With softness in her voice, and concern in her expressive countenance, she apologized to the lady of the house, in her mother's name, whom she said had been taken extremely unwell that morning, and was consequently fearful of venturing out.

The conversation for some time became general; and the object of my admiration expressed her sentiments in the most elegant style; but at length it reverted into the old channel, and the conduct of the different ladies in the neighbourhood became the subject again. For every fault which they were allowed to be possessed of, the amiable Louisa discovered some virtue to make the character appear bright; and, upon the young lady who had first attracted my notice observing a Miss Villars was *conceited*, I perceived a glance of indignation overspread her face. "You are not *intimately* acquainted with her," said the fair champion for female excellence, "or you would not lay *conceit* or *affectation* to her charge: for it is impossible for a person to be less sensible of their own attractions; and it is only those with whom she is on terms of friendship and affection, that know half the virtues and goodness of her heart!"

I was so charmed with this reproof, that I could scarcely refrain from expressing my admiration; but perceived that my aunt looked highly displeased; and tea being over, the lovely girl begged permission to return to her mother; and no one but myself seemed sorry when she took leave.

The door was scarcely closed, when every voice vociferated, "that Louisa Maden was the most assuming girl in the place; that it was impertinent in her to differ in opinion from a lady whom she was visiting; and that she had nothing to recommend her, but a mere dollish face; that her pretended regard for her mother was hypocrisy and affectation; that it was convenient for her to pretend to be Miss Villars's friend, as her mother's income was so confined, that, without the assistance of that young lady, she could not indulge her passion for dress. "She made a perfect set at Mr. Moreton: did not you observe it, Madam?" said the mother of the young lady whom she had so properly reproved. "Oh, yes," replied my aunt; "I saw what she was after: but I assure you, Madam, I shall set my face against her: and Charles has too much sense to think beauty the only necessary qualification requisite to meet with in the character of a wife."

I could not help saying, that I thought Miss Maden possessed many other good qualifications; but that a sailor without fortune, had no business with a wife; that the sea was my mistress, glory my idol, and the one which I thought I should worship through life. I perceived a significant nod pass between the two ladies: Miss coloured violently, and hung down her head. The conversation turned upon different subjects; and upon the party taking leave, my aunt retired to bed. The next morning she enquired my opinion of Miss Warren; informed me her mother's estate joined with her own; and, by way of inspiring me with favorable sentiments, added, that the young lady would have upwards of *twenty thousand pounds*.

I endeavoured

I endeavoured to conceal my real sentiments of Miss Warren, by saying, it was impossible to form an opinion of any character in a few hours; but praised her figure, allowed she was pretty, and then endeavoured to turn the discourse. Mrs. Moreton, however, was not to be diverted from her purpose, which was, to discover, if possible, whether my heart was disengaged; and, upon obtaining that assurance, told me she would undertake to procure me a wife. I found myself in a most awkward predicament, as my fortune entirely depended upon my aunt; for my father having ran through a very large income, if I lost her favour, I had only a lieutenancy for my support. We were invited to spend the following day at Mrs. Warren's, when both mother and daughter received me with smiles. In short, in less than a fortnight, I was commanded by my relation to make the young lady an offer of my hand.

It was in vain that I requested time to study her disposition; or endeavoured to convince Mrs. Moreton, there could be no happiness in marriage without a similarity of tastes; for she positively told me, if I did not choose to accept the wife she had provided for me, I must no longer consider her as my patroness, or friend. Before I could reply to this alarming intelligence, the young lady in question entered the room, and, in a tone of the utmost vexation, enquired whether my aunt had heard the surprising news! "News!" exclaimed Mrs. Moreton. "For heaven's sake, tell me what news, my dear girl, do you mean!" "Why, my dear Madam, that artful girl, Louisa Madeh, has actually wheedled old Davenport out of forty thousand pounds; and though he has at least twenty poor relations, I am told he has not left them a groat!"

"Well, I am glad to hear she has been so fortunate," replied my relation, to the utter astonishment of Miss Warren, and myself; "for she certainly is a most deserving young woman; and Mr. Davenport was her father's most intimate friend."

"Good

"Good God! Mrs. Moreton, how much you astonish me!" rejoined my intended, in a sharp tone of voice: "why I have heard you declare she was a pert, forward young woman; yet in the course of a few days you have totally changed." Several smart repartees passed between the two ladies, at which, of course, I did not feel much displeased; and, upon Miss Warren taking leave, my aunt dispatched a note to Mrs. Maden, congratulating her upon the unexpected change in her affairs; and clapping me upon the shoulder, said, "Well, Charles, what think you of transferring your affection to old Davenport's heiress?"

I candidly informed her, that it could not be a *transfer of affection*, as Miss Warren had never made any impression upon my heart. "I perceive," continued the old lady, "your dispositions are very different; and begin to think Miss Warren possesses no small portion of art." As I had formed this opinion from our very first interview, my aunt and myself perfectly agreed; and I soon had the happiness of perceiving she was as anxious to encourage my attentions towards Miss Maden, as she had formerly been to promote Mrs. Warren's designs. and at length I ventured to describe the tenderness of my attachment, and have the happiness of saying I pleaded not in vain.

Would the fair sex, Mr. Editor, but follow the example of my Louisa, what felicity might be tasted in the marriage state! But how can mankind esteem those young women who endeavour to establish their own credit by debasing their friends? As your Museum, Mr. Editor, is not only a channel for entertainment, but is formed upon a plan to instruct, as well as amuse, I flatter myself with the hope, that the conduct of my Louisa may make an impression upon the female mind; and that, by drawing a comparison between her and Miss Warren, the one may excite abhorrence, and the other delight. I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

CHARLES MORETON.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SUN.

THRICE had the earth performed her annual revolution round the sun, since the exiled Orlando, and his friend Rinaldo, had left the imperial court of the proud Charlemagne. Time, however, could not efface the soft impression of love from the fair bosom of the lovely Angelica, his only daughter, who, when the courtly bustle had subsided, and the calm silence of night invited nature to repose, never failed to bedew her pillow with tears, and offer up her fervent orisons for the welfare of her banished lover.

Orlando, the pride of Christendom, had dared to aspire to the possession of the Princess: his attempt to please had too well succeeded; she was sensible of his merit, and an ardent and mutual passion had been the consequence. Ere long, her haughty father, who, through her, meditated the junction of the Eastern and Western Empires, received intelligence of the event, and instantly fearing the abolition of his favorite project, summoned his Paladins; and, forgetful of the manifold services Orlando had rendered his state, he banished him for ever from his court and presence.

Accompanied by his friend Rinaldo, and their faithful squires, he, indignant at the Emperor's ingratitude, sought an asylum in the Holy Land, in those days in the possession of the Christians, who were struggling hard with the Infidels for those fertile plains; and as a last resource for despairing and disappointed lovers, they had arrived safe, and been initiated into the brotherhood of St. John of Jerusalem; had visited and made their vows at the Holy Sepulchre; and made the enemies of their faith tremble. Oft had they chased the Saracens over Mount Lebanon, and died their swords in the blood of the Infidels. In their presence the knights grew more valiant. The Soldan of Persia retreated speedily before them; and the Caliph of the Musselmen sought a hasty

refuge in the stony Arabia. By their means the Christians became firmly established; and the fame of their exploits rang throughout Christendom; when, in the midst of a run of the completest success and victory, they had unaccountably disappeared; nor could the least tidings be obtained concerning them, or the route they had taken. It was much feared they had fallen into some snare of the enemy; but the silence of the latter rendered the affair more mysterious: their loss was deplored by the Christians, who, in losing them, were deprived of their main stay.

Twelve months had elasped since they had disappeared, when Charlemagne, having concluded a truce with the Moors, to keep up the spirits of his court, and encourage the noble art of chivalry, proclaimed a solemn tournament, free of access to all comers, and all religions. At the appointed time, thither came knights of all nations and all faiths; the flower of the Moorish nobility and the Christian knights, to maintain their prowess, and acquire a further reputation in the imperial court of the Western Empire.

At the opening of the tournament, the valiant Turpin, and daring Orson, challenged the whole world, and for three days maintained their hitherto unconquered prowess, overthrowing all who came against them, and adding additional laurels to their noble brows. On the fourth morning the challenging trumpet was answered from without; the barriers opened, and two strange knights, of a majestic mien, clad in black armour, with covered shields, and their beavers down, rode into the career; and their squires, unfurling a silken banner, the Emperor, shivering with fury, read as follows:

"The Knights of the Sun travel the world over, and defy the valiant Knights of Christendom and the Infidels, to prove the innocence and worth of Orlando, and maintain the matchless beauty of her whose likeness is depictured on their shields; to behold

which, if any man wish, they must first vanquish in fight the bearers of the covered bucklers."

The trumpets sounded, and the Emperor stopped the tournament, whilst the heralds, having proclaimed silence, demanded, in the name of Charlemagne, who would step forth and destroy the abettors of traitors and defenders of treason. The blunted lances were withdrawn, and with alacrity the twelve Paladins entered the lists in behalf of the Emperor. Ten quickly bent before the fury of the strangers; and, after a severe, but ineffectual struggle, Turpin and Orson yielded up their sabres in token of submission; whilst the Emperor, frantic with rage, and agonized by passion, beheld, with the most heartfelt emotions of anger, his brave and worthy peers prostrate before the stranger knights, who having paced thrice round the career, suddenly stopped before the imperial throne; having first made their obedience in a most graceful manner to the fair Angelica, who secretly triumphed in beholding the character of her absent lover thus valiantly upheld, and almost fancied she beheld her Orlando in the chief who thus addressed her father.

"Puissant Emperor of the Western Christians, is the conduct of my friend vindicated? Will you refuse to admit him to his pristine honors? or is the honor of Orlando to remain for ever tarnished, and a pardon be denied to the absent hero?"

"Valiant knight," replied Charlemagne, "It is now three years since Orlando departed our court, and two have elapsed since the Infidels fled before him in Palestine; since when we have received no tidings. All resentments subside in the grave, where he most certainly rests. We, in token of your valour, acquit him of treason, and, by our order, will re-admit him to Holy Mother Church, by requiring a solemn requiem for his soul. In the mean time, we request you to unarm, and partake of our festivity: adorn our court with your presence; and be, like him, the terror of the Infidels."

"It is enough," interrupted the knight. "Orlando is declared innocent, and Charlemagne owns his fault." At these words, clapping spurs to his courser, he departed full speed with his retinue into the forest which bordered the spot where the tournament was held, and was soon screened from the sight of the amazed Emperor and his wondering court.

Night approached, but Charlemagne could get no rest: his injustice to Orlando, and the figure of the unknown defender of his honor, haunted his slumbers; and morning found him restless and fatigued on his couch, when the prefect of the palace, bursting into his chamber with impetuosity, informed him, that the Princess Angelica was missing from her pavilion, and that, from the flight of the centinel, and the robes of the Princess remaining in her chamber, it was feared some mischance had befallen her. Indignant and furious at the loss of his beloved daughter, he sprang from his couch, and issued his royal proclamation, offering to place the man who restored her to him, in the second place in the empire. Inspired by the reward, the Paladins and knights ranged the country round: they entered the Moorish territories, and eagerly enquired after the object of their search; but in vain; for the retreat of the Princess remained as impenetrable and mysterious as that of Orlando; not the least tidings could they gain: a fortnight elapsed, and Angelica was yet missing. The court went into mourning, and silence and dismay prevailed in the camp of Charlemagne.

About this time the Moors, having perfidiously broken the truce, passed the Pyrenees, and having taken the advanced guards of the Christians by surprize, cut them to pieces; and advancing into the open plains, ravaged at will the fertile provinces at the foot of the mountains; and then advancing with speed, closely invested the imperial city of Aix. To punish the treachery, and, if possible, to extirpate the Infidels, the furious Charlemagne advanced at the head of

of a numerous and well disciplined army; well knowing that, should Aix la Chapelle surrender, the whole of that part of the Empire must submit to the Moors, who eagerly pressed the siege. Before that city the armies came in sight of each other; and an engagement began, which, for fury and slaughter, was never equalled. The Moors, flushed with success, declined not the battle; and from day-break till even the combat raged with unceasing vigor. Night parted the combatants; but with the morning the struggle recommenced, till a fresh and numerous reinforcement of Moorish auxiliaries having flanked the right wing of the Christians, the Emperor with terror beheld his veterans broken, and hastily flying before their enemies. The right wing being defeated, a total rout ensued: and had the Moors improved the advantage, that day had decided the fate of Christendom; but, wearied with slaughter, they halted to refresh themselves, whereby the Emperor had time to rally his forces, and retreating slowly, kept the army of Abdallah in check, who, having detached Agrican to re-invest Aix, followed the Christian forces into the interior of France.

The garrison and city of Aix behaved with the utmost bravery; but having totally expended their stock of provisions, were forced to make terms with their invaders, and agreed, that if Charlemagne did not arrive, or send them relief, in three days, they would surrender at discretion; to which they added, that a messenger should be dispatched to Charlemagne for that purpose; besides whom, no one was to enter or depart the town. The capitulation having been agreed upon, the messenger departed; and having arrived at the Christian camp, delivered his letters, adding, that the town would have surrendered before, had it not contained the Princess Angelica within its walls, who had taken refuge therein about four-and-twenty hours before the investiture.

"Messenger," replied Charlemagne, "your request shall be complied with. Let the trumpets sound, and

the heralds proclaim, that the man who relieves Aix, and rescues the Princess, receives her hand as his present, and the succession to the empire as his future reward. His orders were obeyed; but so hazardous was the attempt, that no one in the camp dared to accept his offers; and the Emperor, at the hazard of his crown, was about to make a desperate effort, at the head of his troops, when the unknown knights appeared, and offered themselves; pledging their lives for their success. The Emperor, having heretofore beheld their prowess, immediately accepted their services, and offered them the command of the army. "They are too numerous, Sire," replied the chief knight. "Three thousand are all I require, of my own selection, and this night we depart on the enterprize." In order to facilitate his choice, the army were drawn up in battalia, and, with amazement, Charlemagne beheld him cull the flower of his veteran troops.

For a moment suspicion darted across the Emperor's brain; but vanished, when he reflected on the valour of the knights, and their profession of the Christian faith; and all doubts ceased, when, advanced to his throne, they entreated a consecrated host, which ever stood in his private chapel, as a protection to their troops: and the same evening they left the camp on their perilous adventure; whilst Charlemagne, by repeated feints, kept Abdallah so fully employed, that, not being able to spare any force to aid Agrican before Aix, he having given directions how to act, departed with a chosen few, to await the arrival of the Christian squadron, who, taking a speedy, but circuitous, route over the mountains, had directed their course for the camp of Agrican.

In the meantime, the evening of the third day had arrived; and the besieged having received no answer from the Emperor, beheld with dismay the approach of the morning that was to put them and their Princess in the power of a cruel and merciless enemy. As their despair, so the hilarity of the Moors increased; and preparations

preparations were began on both sides for the completion of the capitulation.

At this period, Abdallah, having eluded hitherto the vigilance of the Christian detachment, unexpectedly fell in with them, and, to avoid captivity, was forced to retreat for a considerable distance, before he could with safety advance in his distined route. The fatal morning arrived; and the Moors advancing, took possession of the outposts. The crescent waved triumphantly in the air; and the Christians were about to strike the Red-cross flag to the Musselmen, when a tumult at the outskirts of the camp attracted the notice of both parties. The noise increased, and a gleam of hope beamed among the Christians, when they beheld the Moors retire towards the disturbance, which appeared to increase every moment. In fact, the Christian squadron had arrived, and broken with irresistible impetuosity on the unguarded and scattered Moors, who being taken unawares, were driven by their foes towards the city. The garrison beholding from the battlements the Red-cross Knights driving the Infidels before them, made a vigorous sally, and so fully cooperated with their relievers, that a total route ensued, and the Moors, in their turn, knew defeat and misery. At this juncture Abdallah arrived; but too late to rally his defeated troops, or again retreat; for meeting the unknown knights, they were handled so roughly, that the great Abdallah, till then invincible, was forced to yield, and enter that city as a captive, of which a few hours before he fancied himself the conqueror. In chains the principal unknown presented the commander of the Musselmen, and four of his chieftains, to the beautiful Angelica; then falling on one knee, he proffered his credentials, which having attentively perused, she immediately arose, and prepared to attend him on his return to the Emperor, where having safely arrived, and secured his prisoners, he projected a sudden attack on the main body of the Moors, who having been so repeatedly deceived by the

feints

feints of the Emperor, made light of the onset, till they found it too late to repel the furious Christians, who, led on by their unknown general, behaved themselves so well, that happy was the man who by a rapid flight saved a precarious existence among the wolves and savage inhabitants of the woods. In short, so compleat was the defeat, and so decisive the battle, that the Emperor beheld his territories in two days entirely free from danger; and from the brink of ruin, restored to the summit of prosperity.

Glowing with gratitude towards his deliverer, the Emperor convened a grand council, at which were present the unknown knights, who had hitherto persevered in not discovering themselves, or their mysterious behaviour in carrying covered shields; and the Princess Angelica, with the ladies of her court; when Charlemagne arising from his throne, declared the principal unknown the husband of his daughter, and his successor in the empire. "Sir Orlando himself," continued the Emperor, "could not have deserved the Princess more; and were the unknown even that unfortunate knight, my word is passed, and Angelica should be his."

"Sire," exclaimed Angelica, "my heart shall ever be accompanied by my hand: Sir Orlando has the former, and no one else possesses the latter. In justice to his manes, I make this public avowal: The Empire of the West I envy not my deliverer; but," turning to the unknown, she continued, "I conjure you, Sir Knight, by the laws of chivalry, not to force me to consent to an union my heart can never agree to."

"Lady," answered the knight gravely, "I will not: my heart is engaged to the peerless beauty emblazoned on my shield; to her I am engaged, and no other will I wed. She is the fairest of her sex; and the proffered crown I accept, that she may enjoy that dignity she so pre-eminently deserves." At these words uncovering his shield, the Emperor and his court were thunderstruck on beholding an exact portrait of the

Princess

Princess Angelica, surrounded by a brilliant diamond sun. "If, lady, you refuse me," continued the knight, "I will once more leave the imperial court, and wander throughout the world again an outcast: but, lest I should leave you at an uncertainty of my person, behold," added he, drawing up his beaver, "your truest lover, and faithfulest admirer, the exiled Orlando."

With a joyful exclamation the Emperor sprung forwards, and strenuously embraced the knight. Then seating him by the side of Angelica, he repeated his declaration, and confirmed his former decree; after which Orlando, at the request of the whole court, briefly and modestly related the following adventures of himself and Rinaldo, (who now being recognised, was restored to his former honours,) since their departure from the imperial court.

"After," said he, "experiencing the misfortune of displeasing the mightiest Monarch of his time, I had yet the consolation left, of hearing that my friend had resolved to share my fate, and accompany me in my exile. Having arrived at the Holy Land, he performed the most heroic acts, being actuated by nothing but his natural bravery. For myself, life having become a burden, I fought with desperation, which for once proved successful; and the fainting Infidels retired from the hallowed ground, and the crescent disappeared from the summit of Lebanon. The Christians delivered from their inveterate foes, began to enjoy a tranquillity, to my troubled mind, worse than death; wherefore, to avoid importunity, we departed early one morning in quest of adventures. We passed the Altaic chain, and crossed the snowy ridge of Caucasus, where hearing of the glory of the great Khan of Tartary, we hastened towards his court, in order to try our prowess with the flower of Asia. In an arduous combat, I compelled the gigantic and only son of the puissant Emperor of Cathay to yield his fame and trophies to my luckier planet. As my reward, I received the shield I bear; but, convinced that the beauteous Angelica outshone

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the sun thereon depicted, I, from memory, traced the imperfect resemblance of her I adore, and placed it in the centre; but, that the world was unworthy to behold even the portrait of my Princess, I compelled all to acknowledge her the paragon of beauty, though unseen. Then turning my course to Europe, I heard of your Majesty's tournament. My success you are already acquainted with. Suffice it to say, that I heard, a few hours after the execution, of the infamous plan laid by some traitors in disguise at the tournament, to carry off the Princess. Hearing of their route, I hasted to discover myself to some chosen friends. We pursued the miscreants by a shorter route, and overtook them in the plains of Aix: a battle ensued; but during the bustle, the Princess escaped; and, eager to recover her, the most of the Infidels escaped. In the interim, the truce was broken; and, although not present at the first battle, I humbly presume my feeble efforts since have effaced any blame that might thereby accrue; particularly as the chiefs who violated the laws of hospitality are now among the captives I present to your Majesty." "Sir Knight," replied Charlemagne, "you are doubly welcome to our court. Let the musick sound, and the troops assemble; for this day you are united to our only daughter." At his command, the legate performed the marriage ceremonies; and the same trumpets that announced the nuptials, gave the signal for the execution of the perfidious, treacherous and cruel chiefs of the Infidel Musselmen.

NESTOR.

ON JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

WE know almost every thing rather by its accidental than its essential qualities, and therefore are so often deceived by appearances, and so often encourage appearances to deceive us. The keen

man

man at play sinks his winnings, and magnifies his losings, and practises twenty other little artifices, which, though not essential to his character as a keen man at play, are yet the only marks by which that character is generally known; the shrewd jockey is continually making mysteries when there is nothing to conceal; the politician looks important upon the most trivial occasions; and almost every man expresses his particular trade and profession by some insignificant peculiarity in his dress, manner, and dialect: even the man of sense and knowledge will probably talk in terms of art, and join with his sense and knowledge some kind of cant or pedantry. Now, if we were to suppose some strange man to rise up who should fully possess any excellence without its common, but useless, appurtenances, by how many, think you, and how soon, would he be found out? It is so long since Truth went naked, that she is now known only by her clothes.

ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

[Extracted from "Les Causes Celebres."]

TWO Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long-wished-for union, a man, far advanced in years, and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honourable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover

ver never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate: but the anxiety of her mind preyed on her body, which threw her into a lingering disorder, that apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to her grave. As soon as this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but recollecting, that, in her youth, she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived, and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured him the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of safety, where, by proper methods, he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprize at finding the state she had been in; and probably as great was her pleasure, at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim, and his reasons, supported by a powerful inclination on her side, were too strong for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage.

The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavours to disguise herself were ineffectual: he laid his claim to her before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alledging, the husband, by burying her, had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one, by freeing her from the grave, and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weight they might have in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law: and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired a second time out of the kingdom.

ON RISING EARLY.

Cernis ut ignavum corrumpant otia corpus?
Ut capiant vitium, ni moveantur, aquæ?

OVID.

SINCE I was a little boy at school, I recollect a sentence quoted in my Latin grammar, which, notwithstanding the great repugnancy it at that time bore to my feelings, fails not now to have its proper effect: "Surgere de luculo saluberrimum."—To rise early—But stay—example is better than precept.

My good friend Benevolio, though unblessed with the advantage of a refined education has a heart that does honour to its possessor. He is considerably advanced in years, yet has seldom, or scarcely ever, known a day's illness. The very great improvement he has made in his fortune, is almost incredible: his acts of charity almost innumerable. He often tells me, (and I can perceive it is always with the most heartfelt pleasure,) that he is at length enabled to be kind to his friend, hospitable to his guest, and benevolent to the poor: ends in which he seems to place the summit of his ambition: and he often secretly tells me, how thankful he is to Providence, for giving him the means of affording his children that education, the want of which himself so much regrets. His house is the scene of health and hospitality—his heart, the seat of every virtue—and his hand, the minister of charity and love. All these, and many other, blessings he attributes to his constant custom of—rising early in the morning: a practice, he says, that enables him to be at once serviceable to his God, his neighbour, and himself.

I cannot but accede to the justice of my worthy friend's sentiments, when I consider the firm basis on which they are founded. The many advantages resulting from an early application to business, of what de-

scription soever, whether mental or bodily, must be too evident to require much demonstration.

Chance will often, in an unexpected moment, throw in our way the possession of many admirable discoveries, which we never before thought of: and we often find that the most valuable acquisitions are frequently the most easily acquired. But through a sluggish inactivity, to which we are too apt to subject ourselves, we often let slip many inestimable possessions, of which a trifling degree of consideration would remind us. One of these is that very commendable practice of rising early; a practice, the value of which, I am ashamed to say, I am obliged to chance for convincing me of.

When a man is in possession of what he deems agreeable to his present sensations, it is with difficulty he is prevailed upon to relinquish it. This determination, I must allow, is not formed without much apparent reason, though principally, perhaps, for want of due reflection. If, while in the possession of but a small degree of present pleasure, a thought of the future does by chance take place, the unwillingness to quit it may proceed from immediately subscribing to the very prevailing notion of our being subject to so many unwelcome accidents, and the propriety of enjoying the present. But this is one of the many errors that custom and bad example lead us into. It is certainly just as probable, that the ensuing hour may turn out as much to our satisfaction as the present: and I am sure every person of sense will allow me to assert, that, for those who have souls to enjoy it, this miserable world (as it is called) has many and large portions of felicity.

Small things, as well as great, must have their causes and consequences. And many of these little causes put together, will unite in one common effect. If one of the single threads of a silk-worm were to be applied to any purpose in which strength was requisite, it would be found very ineffectual; but we cannot affirm

firm this, were many of these threads united into a cord; as it would then, by the application of the same strength, lift a very considerable weight. Upon causes and effects of this description depend all the noble structures of art, as well as the wonderful operations of nature. I might (to return to my subject) from these arguments with much facility prove, that a more than necessary portion of sleep debilitates both body and mind. The indulgence of a single morning's nap may, at first sight, appear of very little importance: but let it be remembered, that the indulging of one may lead to a second, and in like manner to a third. And when once a habit is contracted, be it of good or bad import, it becomes, as it were, implanted by nature, and is with the greatest difficulty shaken off. The application of my arguments to the other side, is much too plain to need citation.

Reader, whoever thou art,—of whatever profession or pursuit—whether student—poet—lover—or lady—remember this, *that to rise early will at once contribute to thy pleasure and profit:* it will accelerate thy studies—strengthen thy genius—refine thy passions—and add to thy beauty. But to you, in particular, ladies, let me give a hint—it shall be a friendly one: and if my essay tends in the smallest degree to the amusement or advantage of *one* of you—I shall be amply rewarded. What I mean to say is this—that you little think how much this laudable practice adds to your power and influence over us—for it is the source of beauty and sense. Do not let any foolish or fashionable custom bias your minds. I can with truth assert, that I know one of the sweetest, one of the most accomplished and beautiful of your sex, who rises with the sun; and, like him, she will, by early improvement, enable herself to give joy to all she smiles on. As for me, I will not for a moment hesitate to say, that some of the sweetest hours of my life have been spent while the faint beam of the morning yet trembled in the east.

Who can unmoved behold the majesty of morning? when the day rejoices, as it were, in the strength and beauty of youth. Every leaf is decked with dew-drops, and every wood resounds with melody. The air is fresh and salubrious—and all nature seems animated. Who can unmoved behold the beauty of morning? when the sun

"his rosy steps, in th' eastern clime
"Advancing, sows the earth with orient pearl."

This is the time that elevates the mind: This is the time that calls forth the finest feelings of the soul, and bids us "look thro' nature up to nature's God." Who, that has a soul for sensibility, could waste these richest hours in sluggish indolence? But where does my wild imagination lead me? My reader, I fear, is already too much fatigued. It may not, perhaps, be improper here to introduce a short eastern tale, by way of conclusion.

Kedar-Hallan, one of the Sultans of the East, had, by sloth and intemperance, greatly impaired his health: his limbs were feeble, his appetite lost, and his mind was a prey to unhappy reflection. Physicians in vain exerted their art—medicines were ineffectual. In those parts lived a certain Dervise, generally supposed to have a profound skill in pharmacy and the occult sciences: to him did the afflicted Sultan apply. "Your Majesty," said the Dervise, "must act precisely as I direct. When you see the morning star just setting behind the hill from the western turret, you must repair to the well in the wood, about half an hour's walk from your Majesty's palace, and drink of the water, on which the star has at that time its greatest influence." This the Sultan continued—and found himself daily recover. He then sent for the Dervise to reward him, and asked him with what secret property the water was endued; or, whether he had privately conveyed medicines to it. "The water," said the Dervise, "has no secret property, any more than other

other waters; nor have any medicines been conveyed into it. It is early rising that has restored your health; and early rising alone will preserve it. For it is this that gives youth the wisdom of age, and age the vigour of youth. Your Majesty's subjects are pleased to call me learned: it is true, indeed, that I have far exceeded the common age of man; and it is true that I have studied the sciences both of art and nature; nor have I studied in vain. I have discovered, not indeed the philosopher's stone, but a far more valuable treasure—the means of procuring and preserving health of body and peace of mind. The first, by exercise and temperance; and the latter, by justice and benevolence. Scarce has the sun dip'd in the western wave, but I am at rest; and I rise with him in the morning, to admire the wonderful and manifold works of God.

Christ Church, Oxford. MUSIPHILUS.
June 9th, 1803.

HINTS FOR YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN.

IT has often been thought that the first year after marriage is the happiest of a woman's life. We must first suppose that she marries from motives of affection, or what the world calls love; and, even in this case, the rule admits of many exceptions, and she encounters many difficulties. She has her husband's temper to study, his family to please, houshold cares to attend; and, what is worse than all, she must cease to command, and learn to obey. She must learn to submit, without repining, where she has been used to have even her looks studied.

Would the tender lover treat his adored mistress like a rational being, rather than a goddess, a woman's task would be rendered much easier, and her life much happier. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her understanding, rather than her person, he would soon

find his account in it. Would he consult her on his affairs, converse with her freely upon all subjects, and make her his companion and friend, instead of flattering her beauty, admiring her dress, and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at best be only called fashionable accomplishments, he would find himself less disappointed; and she would wear the marriage chains with less impatience and difficulty. How can a sensible man expect that the poor vain trifler to whom he pays so much court, should make an intelligent, agreeable companion, an assiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother?

When a man pays his court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a fashionable wife, who may shine as a fine lady, but never in the softer intercourse of domestic endearments. How often is it owing to these lords of the creation, that the poor women become, in reality, what their ridiculous partiality made them suppose themselves? A pretty method this of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections, and exciting our esteem, for those objects that we entrust with our future happiness!

I will now give my fair friends a few hints with regard to their conduct in the most respectable of all characters—a wife, a mother, and a friend. But first let me assert, and I do it with confidence, that nothing can be more false, than the idea that "a reformed rake makes the best husband!" This is a common opinion, but it is not mine: at least, there are too many chances against it.

A libertine, by the time he can bear to think of matrimony, has little left to boast, but a shattered constitution, empty pockets, tradesmens' bills, bad habits, and a taste for dress, and vices of every denomination. The poor wife's fortune will supply the rake with these fashionable follies a little longer. When money, the last resource, fails, he becomes peevish, sour, and discontented; angry that she can indulge him no longer,

and

and ungrateful and regardless of her past favors. Disease, with all her miserable attendants, next steps in! Ill is he prepared, either in body or mind, to engage with pain, sickness, poverty, and wretchedness. The poor wife has spent her all in supporting his extravagancies. She may now pine for want, with a helpless infant crying for bread; shunned and despised by her friends, and neglected by her acquaintance.

This, my fair friends, is too often the case with many of our sex. The task of reforming a rake is much above our capacity. I wish our inclinations, in this instance, were as limited as our abilities: but, alas! we vainly imagine we shall be rewarded for our resolution, in making such trial, by the success that will attend our undertaking.

If a young woman marries an amiable and virtuous young man, she has nothing to fear; she may even glory in giving up her own wishes to his. Never marry a man whose understanding will not excite your esteem, and whose virtues will not engage your affections. If a woman once thinks herself superior to her husband, all authority ceases; and she cannot be brought to obey, where she thinks she is so well entitled to command.

Sweetness and gentleness are all a woman's eloquence; and sometimes they are too powerful to be resisted, especially when accompanied with youth and beauty. They are then enticements to virtue, preventives from vice, and affection's security.

Never let your brow be clouded with resentment! never triumph in revenge! Who is it that you afflict? The man upon earth that should be dearest to you! upon whom all your future hopes of happiness must depend Poor the conquest, when our dearest friend must suffer; and ungenerous must be the heart that can rejoice in such a victory!

Let your tears persuade: these speak the most irresistible language with which you can assail the heart of a man. But even these sweet fountains of sensibility

lity must not flow too often, lest they degenerate into weakness, and we lose our husbands' esteem and affection, by the very methods which were given us to ensure them.

Study every little attention in your person, manner, and dress, that you find likely to please. Never be negligent in your appearance, because you expect nobody but your husband. He is the person whom you should chiefly endeavour to oblige. Always make home agreeable to him; receive him with ease, good humour, and cheerfulness; but be cautious how you enquire too minutely into his engagements abroad. Betray neither suspicion nor jealousy. Appear always gay and happy in his presence. Be particularly attentive to his favorite friends, even if they intrude upon you. A welcome reception will, at all times, counterbalance indifferent fare. Treat his relations with respect and affection; ask their advice in your houshold affairs, and always follow it, when you can consistently with propriety.

Treat your husband with the most unreserved confidence, in every thing that regards yourself; but never betray your friends' letters or secrets to him. This he cannot, and, indeed, ought not, to expect: If you do not use him to it, he will never desire it. Be careful never to intrude upon his studies or his pleasures: be always glad to see him, but do not be laughed at, as a fond, foolish wife. Confine your endearments to your own fire-side. Do not let the young envy you, nor the old abuse you, for a weakness, which, upon reflection, you must yourself condemn.

These hints will, I hope, be of some service to my fair country-women. They will, perhaps, have more weight, when they know that the author of them has been married three years, and has often, with success, practised those rules herself, which she now recommends to others.

MARIA.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

THE other day, in passing through a village on the western road, and stopping at the turnpike at the further end, a meagre, half-cloathed, shrivelled hag, with a few sticks upon her head, demanded charity. I gave her a few halfpence; and she "bade God bless me!" but the benediction was bestowed in so harsh a tone, that it seemed little to partake of gentle gratitude. The loathsome being, and her little courtesy, led me to ask the grey-haired veteran at the gate to give me some account of her. He remembered her, he said, a giggling girl: he remembered her good father too; an honest man he was, and much beloved within the hamlet: but sorrow strewed his latter days with thorns; and brought him, pitied, and lamented, to an early grave. Then followed his account.

Psychea was the only daughter of a farmer there: a farmer of that mediocrity of station, where industry and independence are the commutial characteristics of his happy dwelling. Psychea was educated in frugal plenty and appropriate ease. Playful Content gave full repletion to pubescence, and her ripening youth, that marked her formed for best regards of man. When entered in her sixteenth year, the urchin God could not have found through Nature's ample works a votary more perfect to his fullest joys. The hoidenish actions of the giddy girl still continued unrestrained by the good farmer's frown; for conscious probity had made him unsuspicious of misdeeds; that, when the flush of full desire flamed through her throbbing veins at the close squeeze of wishful sympathy, a rustic joke alone observed the feverish glow. At length one youth, more forward than his general mates, seized on a luckless moment,

moment, most adapted to his bold desires; broke honor's tie; and at the same time destroyed her virgin claim to Chastity's deserved esteem. That sensitive distinction once thrown down, Psychea slank from the converse of her former mates; and fled soon after from her father's roof, to drown reflection in the giddy town; where vast successive revelry is oft importuned to provide its opiate to the temporary soothings of purturbed thoughts. There did Psychea, midst the votaries of vice, flit out her full career of dissolute excess; and there, in vast successive sinfulness, pass through the gradual climax of the courtezan. Grown old, and callous in continued vice, a lingering disease at length threw her, a loathsome object, on the parish charge, which, thus infected, passed her from place to place, till she became the stated being I before observed: shrivelled, diseased, disgusting; crawling out her wretched remnant of existence, and "picking dried sticks" close by that cottage where her younger years were passed in plenty and content. Alas! how fallen! The veriest village cur, that is fed on general offals, now flies from her loathsome form, and bays the haggard as she totters past.

Ye fair, be cautious, guarded, chaste! ye then are objects next divinity: but, once unveil your virgin rights by Passion's lawless sway, think what Psychea was, such ye may be.

THE INSPECTOR.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

THE Leyden Gazette, of the 12th of December, 1785, gives the following account of the interposition of divine Providence in favour of a widow and her family, near Dordrecht, in the province of Holland. This industrious woman was left by her husband,

band, who was an eminent carpenter, a comfortable house, with some land, and two boats for carrying merchandise and passengers on the canals. She was also supposed to be worth above ten thousand guilders, in ready money, which she employed in a hempen and sail-cloth manufactory, as the means not only of increasing her fortune, but of instructing her children (a son and two daughters) in those useful branches of business. One night, about nine o'clock, when the workmen were gone home, a person dressed in uniform, with a musket and broad-sword, came to her house, and requested lodging. "I let no lodging, friend," said the widow; "and besides, I have no spare bed, unless you sleep with my son, which I think very improper, being a perfect stranger to us all." The soldier then shewed a discharge from Diesbech's regiment, (signed by the major, who gave him an excellent character,) and a passport from Compte de Maillebois, governor of Breda. The widow believing the stranger to be an honest man, as he really was, called her son, and asked him, if he would accommodate a veteran, who had served the republic thirty years with reputation, with a part of his bed. The young man consented, and the soldier was hospitably entertained, and withdrew to rest. Some hours after, a loud thumping was heard at the street door, which roused the soldier, who stole softly down stairs, and listened at the hall. The blows were repeated, and the door almost broken through by a sledge hammer, or some heavy instrument. By this time the affrighted widow, and her daughters, were running about, and screaming, murder! murder! but the son having joined the soldier, with a case of loaded pistols, and the latter screwing on his bayonet, and fresh priming his piece, which was well filled with slugs, desired the women to retire, as bloody work might be expected in a few minutes. Soon after, the door was burst in, and two fellows entered, and were instantly shot by the son, who discharged both his pistols at once. Two more returned the favour, from

without, but without effect; and the intrepid veteran, taking immediate advantage of the discharge of their arms, rushing on them like a lion, ran one through the body with his bayonet, and whilst the other was running away, lodged the contents of his piece between his shoulders, and he dropped dead on the spot. They then closed the door as well as they could; re-loaded their arms; made a good fire; and watched till daylight, when a number of weavers and spinners came to resume their employment. We may guess their horror and surprise on seeing four men dead on a dunghill, where the soldier had dragged them before the door was shut. The burgomaster and his syndic attended, and took the depositions of the family relative to this affair. The bodies were buried in a cross-road, and a stone erected over the grave, with this inscription: "Here lie the wretched carcases of four unknown ruffians, who deservedly lost their lives in an attempt to rob or murder a worthy woman and her family. A stranger, who slept in the house, to which divine Providence undoubtedly directed him, was the principal instrument in preventing the perpetration of such horrid designs, which justly entitles him to a lasting memorial, and the thanks of the public. John Adrian De Vries, a discharged soldier, from the regiment of Diesbach—a native of Middleburgh, in Zealand—and upwards of seventy years old—was the David who slew two of these Goliahs; the rest being killed by the son of the family. *In honorem, et gratitudinis ergo, Dei optimi maximi, pietatis et innocentiae summi protectoris—magistratus et concilium cevitatis Dortrechiensis hoc signum poni curavere,* XX. *die Nov. annoque salutaris humani,* 1785." The widow presented the soldier with one hundred guilders, and the city settled an handsome pension on him for the rest of his life.

THE VEHICLE OF AMUSEMENT.

No. I.

BY SIGMA.

THE general depravity of taste with those who, for the most part, sip the honied stream of pleasure, has, in all ages of the world, afforded a topic of ridicule for the more serious part of men, and of satire for the more volatile.

It is not my intention, in this paper, to censure the present run of the world, but to endeavour to sketch a character which my narrow channel of knowledge with mankind has afforded.

SILVANUS, the companion of my youth, was, in his early days, so given to serious inquiry, that, even after school hours, his time was employed in decyphering the remains of antiquity. In a few years he became quite a Goth, and nothing but that which was Gothic could please him. His chairs, his tables, the hangings of his room, were uniformly so; as also his dress; so that he could never venture out without meeting with the sneers of the impertinent, who, for the most part, deemed him a lunatic. This suddenly wore off, and he at once took upon him the mediocrity of a moderate thinking man. It was at this time I visited him: he received me with much cordiality, and obliged me with a sight of his museum, of which I shall select a part for the inspection of my readers.

No. 1. An old broken jar, which he assured me was Roman—Though, I must own, I took for a common culinary jar.

2. Part of a sculptured arm, which he said once graced a figure in the City of Herculaneum.

3. A stone which hit Cæsar's helmet while making good his landing in Britain—Though he confessed he could not trace any account of it in history.

4. A curious brick from the *Tower of Babel*, with an hieroglyphical inscription, which he attempted to explain—Though I must own I did not comprehend him.
5. Two of the thirty pieces of silver with which Judas was rewarded.
6. A wicker crown, supposed to have been worn by some British King.
7. A painting of a Gothic window.

This brought to my memory his former taste for the Gothic style, and I ventured to inquire the cause of his quitting a study which for so many years had been his whole employment. He briefly informed me, that he had purchased a manuscript (as he supposed) of an ancient Druid bard, and had taken a long while in decyphering part of it, as he thought, with success, and was about to publish it, when he was informed it was forged; and, in fact, was nothing more than scrawls with a pen. "From that time (says he) I have had a dislike to every thing Gothic, except that window, which was my first antiquity. Yon chest contains the manuscript, together with my translation: amuse yourself with it while I prepare something for your dinner." The candour with which he owned himself deceived, awoke my curiosity: I opened the trunk, and found an old partly decayed skin of parchment, containing a number of irregular marks with the pen, together with his translation, of which I shall select part for the amusement of my readers.

LEWINA:

A FRAGMENT OF AN ANCIENT BRITISH BALLAD.

"Why mourns Lewina? why pendant from her eye-lid hangs the tear of sorrow? Thy Habor is safe: Though the battle rages round him, yet his deity shall protect him; and love shall bring him honoured to thy arms." "Alas! my sister," replied Lewina,

wina," 'tis vain: my mind is too overburthened with grief to be soothed by your condolence. I'll say the cause. Last night, in sleep, (still does the trembling of the fright hang on me,) methought I wandered o'er a desart space, where naught was heard around me but the yells of savage beasts; and naught did light my footsteps, but the feeble taper of the glow-worm. Travelling thus, methought a storm came on; the vivid lightning darted on my eyes; and o'er my head the growling thunder crashed. At once (I knew not how) methought I was safe sheltered from the tempest in a dreary, gloomy cavern. The frequent blaze of lightning wide revealed upon its sides full many a warrior shield; and far and near were strewed the frequent heaps of human bones. Pondering on these, methought I heard a voice, loud as the accompanying thunder, echo, 'Follow!' Turning around, I saw a feeble flame. All was now still; the lightning glimmered faintly; the thunder rolled at a distance. The voice repeated, 'Follow!' The light approached: I endeavoured to retreat from it. The voice echoed, 'Fear not; thy Habor awaits thee.' As though inspired by the sound of my loved Habor's name in such a dreary place, I lost my fears, and followed. It led through dreary vaults, bespread with recent death; the targets, bucklers, swords, and spears, in one huge heap amassed, rusting to naught. The light stopped; I made to it, and—can I repeat the sight!—my Habor lay covered with wounds, and on his bleeding corse a raven feeding. Methought I endeavoured to seize the bird, and in the effort awoke."

I had proceeded thus far, and stopped to admire the inventive genius of my friend, when he entered, and relieved my thoughts, by informing me dinner was ready.

Tooley-Street. S.

(To be continued.)

THE ACME OF SUPERSTITION;

OR,

A LEGENDARY ACCOUNT OF ST. NEOT.

THE story of St. Neot represents him endowed with every Christian virtue; eminent for his learning, eloquent in speech, intelligent in giving counsel, and of countenance truly angelic; but so dwarfish in stature, that when he performed mass, he was obliged to be exalted on an iron stool. His fame was so extensive, that he was visited by immense numbers of people, who sought his prayers, either for the relief of bodily infirmity, or the influx of spiritual comfort. The Saint, however, became wearied with the concourse of multitudes; and with one adherent, named Barius, retired to a hermitage, and having spent seven years here in great sanctity, went to Rome, received the Pope's blessing, and permission to build a monastery near the place of his residence. Accordingly, continues the legend, on his return, he erected a suitable edifice, and filled it with monks; which was thought worthy of frequent consecration from their angelic visitors. Near the spot on which this monastery stood, there was a spring of clear water, which in the driest seasons never failed. In it this Man of God perceived there were three fishes: but not presuming to touch them, till it was revealed to him for what purpose they were placed there, an angel appeared to intimate to him, that every day, or as often as he should find occasion, he might take one, and one only, of these fishes for his use. This condition being observed, he was assured, that on his next return to the well, he should always find these fishes as at the first. It happened soon after this, that the Saint was afflicted with a grievous disorder, and unable for some time to take any sustenance. Barius, his affectionate servant, being alarmed at his long abstinence, went to the

the well, and caught two fish, which he cooked in different ways; boiling one, and broiling the other; and brought them to his master in a dish. The good Saint immediately took alarm, and enquired with much earnestness, whence these two fish came. Barius, with honest simplicity, told him he had taken them from the well, and had dressed them different ways, hoping, that if one did not suit his sickly appetite, the other might. Then said the Saint, "Why hast thou done this? How, in opposition to an express command, hast thou presumptuously ventured to take more than one fish at a time?" He then commanded his trembling servant to carry back the two fishes to the well: then, throwing himself prostrate upon the floor, continued in prayer till Barius, returning, acquainted him, that the two fishes, after having been dressed, were now in the well, alive and active, and sporting in the water as usual. Neotus then commissioned him to go again, and catch one fish only, and dress that for his use; which order being complied with, no sooner had he tasted of the fish, than he was restored to perfect health!

ANECDOTE OF A PAGAN PHILOSOPHER.

A PAGAN Philosopher made the following reflection when he saw a girl cry, as if she had been torturing on a rack, over a broken pitcher; and a woman, with her hair loose, her hands uplifted to Heaven, her eyes swoln with crying, and her discourse nothing but horror and despair, for the loss of a little infant: "Well, after all these Christians talk of heaven, and their hopes of eternal life, 'tis certain there can be no philosophy in their religion, or else they are very ignorant of it. They must be very silly people that have not taught their children to know that pitchers will break: and their women, that little children will die."

A.

ON RESIGNATION.

THE darts of adverse fortune are always level'ed at our heads. Some reach us; some graze against us, and fly to wound our neighbours. Let us, therefore, impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay, without murmuring, the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts; and if we escape the inconveniences of the air and the earth, there are perils by water, and perils by fire. This established course of things is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind, as becomes wise and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen, ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with Nature. The best resolution we can take, is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out to us: for it is not enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier, who sighs, and marches on with reluctancy. We must receive the order with spirit and chearfulness, and not endeavour to slink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even our sufferings make a necessary part.

Let us address ourselves to God, who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses, which are going to lose part of their grace and energy in my translation of them.

Parent

Parent of nature! Master of the world!
Where e'er thy providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn.
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why should I grieve, when, grieving, I must bear;
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

A.

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP SAINT HUGH.

IN the twelfth century, that age of superstition, when scarcely one person imagined that devotion and vice were incompatible with each other, Saint Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, was distinguished by a purity of sentiment and manners then uncommon. One day he came to the nunnery of Godstowe, and entering the church, beheld a magnificent tomb, covered with silk hangings, and surrounded by lamps and wax tapers. Enquiring whose it was, he was answered, that it was the tomb of Rosamond, the mistress of Henry II. who had been a great benefactress to that church. 'What!' exclaimed Saint Hugh, 'can money then obtain those honours which are due to the virtuous only? This woman has enriched your house; but she persisted in her guilt. Remove those pompous ornaments from her tomb; and let us convince mankind, that it is not gold, but repentance and piety alone, that can expatiate a life of scandal and adultery.'

CHARACTER

CHARACTER OF A BACHELOR.

A BACHELOR is a sort of whimsical being, which Nature never intended to create. He was formed out of the *odds* and *ends* of what materials were left after the great work was over. Unluckily for him, the *finer* passions are all mixed up in the composition of those creatures intended for social enjoyment. What remains for the bachelor, is hardly enough to rub round the crusty mould into which he is thrown. To avoid waste, some seasoning, that he may not be quite insipid, must be substituted in the stead of more valuable ingredients: so in dame Nature tosses *self-love*, without weight or measure—a kind of understanding that is fit for no other use—a sprinkling of wisdom, which turns to acid, from the sour disposition of the vessel in which it is contained: and the whole composition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities. Thus *formed*, thus *finished*, a bachelor is popped into the world mere lumber, without a possibility of being happy himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others.

His only business is to keep himself *quiet*. He gets up, to lie down; he lies down, to get up. No tender passions enliven his waking hours; no agreeable reveries diversify his dronish slumbers. If he ever speaks the language of sensibility, he speaks it on the excellence of some favourite dish, or on the choice liquors with which his cellar abounds. On such subjects he feels the raptures of a lover.

The pace of the bachelor is *sober*. He would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge. But shew him a woman entitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on, as if he was walking for a wager. His housekeeper, or his laundress, he can speak to without reserve: but any other of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependant, is his terror.

A coffee-

A coffee-house is his *sanctum sanctorum* against *bright eyes*, and *dazzling complexions*. Here he lounges out half his days. At home, he solitarily sits down to his *unsocial* meal: and when his *palate* is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify.

Such is a Bachelor—such the *life* of a Bachelor—What becomes of him *after death*, I am not casuist enough to determine. A.

CHARACTER OF A MARRIED MAN.

THE felicity of a married man never stands still. It flows perpetual, and strengthens in its passage. It is supplied from various channels. It depends more on others than on himself. From participation proceed the most extatic enjoyments of a married man.

By an union with the gentlest, the most polished, most beautiful part of the creation, his mind is harmonized; his manners softened; his soul animated by the most tender and lively sensations. Love, gratitude, and an *universal* benevolence, mix in all his ideas. The house of a married man is his *paradise*. He never leaves it without regret; never returns to it but with gladness. The *friend* of his soul, the *wife* of his bosom, welcomes his approach with rapture: joy flushes her cheek—Mutual are their transports.

Infants, lovely as the spring, climb about his knees, and contend which shall catch the envied kiss of paternal fondness. Smiling plenty, under the guardianship of œconomy, is seen in every department of his family. Generosity stands porter at his door; Liberality presides at his table; and social Mirth gives to time its most pleasing motion. To the existence of a married man there is no termination. When death overtakes him, he is only translated from one heaven to another. His glory is immortalized; and his children's children represent him on earth to the latest generation. A.

ON SELF INFALLIBILITY.

WHEN we reflect on the strange blindness of man, which prompts him always to except himself, with respect to faults and failings which he allows to be truly charged upon every other, it fills us with astonishment; and yet, in the midst of this very astonishment, we again except ourselves from the absurdity which we impute to others; nor are we hurt by the practice of so weak a partiality, even when we reflect upon it. As to ourselves, indeed, we confess that it is absolutely contradictory to every rule of right reason; and yet we contend that it is natural, and therefore right. It is, like some others, a happy prejudice, which coincides with other imperfections of nature in its present depraved state; it preserves a general order, though of an inferior kind; or (if the metaphor may be allowed) keeps a weak and defective instrument in tune, by reducing all the notes to the same scale.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

June 15th, 1803.

THIS evening Drury-lane Theatre closed with the most prosperous run of success which it has ever experienced. *Mr. Bannister* returned the customary acknowledgments, and was scarcely heard from the repeated bursts of applause. Drury Lane has this year produced much expensive novelty, and, notwithstanding the economical arrangements of the Board of Management, there has been no parsimony towards the town. The flourishing state of the treasury for this year is not, however, to be imputed so much to the merit of the plays which have been brought out, as to the liberality of the managers, and the great efforts

forts of the performers. The favourite Thalia, *Mrs. Jordan*, has reigned without jealousy and competition throughout the season, and preserved an undiminished attraction to the close. *Bannister* has likewise a claim to the highest praise in his double capacity of actor and manager; he has shewn himself almost nightly to the public, and has, in a most generous manner, been eager to bring forth the new performers of the Theatre, who have too often reason to complain of being kept unjustly backward. This is honourable to *Bannister* as a man and an actor.

HAYMARKET.

May 27th.

A farce, called *Mrs. Wiggins*, was brought forward for the first time, this evening, at the Hay-market Theatre. The business arises from the supposition of there being three ladies of this name. One is the wife of old Mr. Wiggins; another the wife of Tom Wiggins, the son; and the third, the lady whom Tom had honoured with the title before his marriage. The old gentleman had left his house in the country to avoid the crossness of his mate, the very idea of whom makes him shake with fear. But his hopes of spending his time happily in London with his son, a dashing Templar, are miserably disappointed; for go where he will, he is still threatened with meeting a Mrs. Wiggins. Although he locks her up in Tom's chambers, she calls for him immediately after at a tavern; and while he thinks himself pursued by her, he finds himself in imminent risk of rushing into her company.

From this ground-work, the author has formed a very pleasant *bagatelle*, which, in broad humour, and whimsical incident, is the source of much merriment. It is the production of *Mr. Allingham*, the author of *The Marriage Promise*, and *Fortune's Frolic;* and, notwithstanding some disapprobation shewn at the conclusion, it possesses many claims to public favour.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A bonnet of buff silk, and ribbons, with rolls of white muslin. A spencer of buff muslin, trimmed with white lace: gloves and shoes, buff. The dress, white muslin.

2. A beaver hat and feather, light blue. A plain dress of light blue muslin, and a white muslin shawl. Shoes and gloves, straw-coloured.

EVENING DRESSES.

3. A small sarsenet hat and feather, yellow. The dress, yellow sarsenet, with an upper robe of fine white muslin, with a full trimming of the same round the train; a lace tucker, with a rosette of lace on the neck, and lace on the sleeves. Shoes and gloves, white.

4. A turban of white lace, with a bandeau of pink sarsenet round the head, and a rosette of lace behind a sprig of flowers on the right side. A plain pink Chambray muslin dress, with a rich spencer of white lace, fastened on the breast with a broach of diamonds. Shoes, pink silk: gloves and fan, white.

*** The most fashionable colours are pale blue, lilac, yellow, pale green, and pink.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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1 2

Morning Dresses July 1805

Pub. by Vern *July. 1*

Evening Dresses July 1803.

July. 1st 1803

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The Apollonian Wreath.

ELINOR THE CONVICT.

A MONOLOGUE.

BY W. T. DIMOND, ESQ.

Author of the Hero of the North, &c. &c.

THE anchor weigh'd—the swelling sails were spread,
And England's parting shores fled fast from view,
When *Elinor the Convict* rais'd her head,
And breath'd her soul into a last "Adieu."

Ye white cliffs of Albion, that fade on the skies,
How fair do ye seem to the outcast's dim eyes,
The sinful-one, banish'd for ever!
The sands, too, beneath you look goldenly bright,
And precious seems each little grain to her sight,
Whose steps shall revisit them never!

Oh! dear native country! tho' destin'd to part,
Still long your pure scenes of delight in her heart,
Yea! long shall poor Elinor cherish:
Your remembrance shall make her day's bondage more light,
In dreams shall restore her to freedom at night,
And only with life itself perish.

Yes! lov'd land of Freedom! the poor toiling slave,
Tho' sunder'd afar by the measureless wave,
Will feel with your children connected;
And boast of her birth, as in days of fair fame,
Ere yet, for its sinfulness, Elinor's name
From the lists of the *good* was rejected.

The land sinks apace, and the daylight decays—
Ah! how blest will they be whom yon setting sun's rays
Shall smile on in England to-morrow!
But, alas! for the Convict! light will not restore
To *her* longing eyes her belov'd native shore;
She from fancy *her* England must borrow.

Now faster and faster the flying coasts fade;
Each moment fresh objects dissolve into shade:
Gaze—gaze—oh! ye eyes, that are banish'd!
The town, with its buildings; the ships in the bay;
The steeple, the light-house—All, *all* melt away;
And now the last headland has vanish'd!

Strain, strain, balls of sight; your faint faculties strain;
And *something* of England still strive to retain:
No!—tears gush, and drown the endeavour!
Nay, throb not so wildly, thou poor breaking heart—
Home, kindred, and friends!—Soul and body now part—
Farewell! native country, for ever!

NIGHT.

WRITTEN AFTER A STORM.

Behold, fond man;
See here thy pictur'd life.

THOMSON.

I.

'TIS night at length, the fervid day is past;
The wind's at peace, and storms have ceas'd to rave;
The blust'ring gods subdue the howling blast,
And sink to slumber in dark Ætna's cave.

II.

But late the raging tempest, hoarsely wild,
Join'd low'ring heaven with impetuous seas;
And now how silent, how serene, and mild!
No Zephyr stirs to wake the slumb'ring breeze.

III.

Ah, blissful season, best of all the train;
Sluggish I thought thee in thy circling roll:
But welcome to these happy Isles again,
To sooth the throbbings of my troubled soul.

IV.

How grateful art thou t' a conscience free
From ev'ry dread which haunts the guilty breast!
Thy gladsome presence fills his heart with glee;
Thy sober shadows lull his soul to rest.

V.

While guilty bosoms, rack'd by conscience' stings,
Restless are toss'd upon the thorny bed,
The drowsy god extends his listless wings,
And flees the place where joy's already fled.

VI.

All Nature sleeps; the gawdy flow'rs inclose
Within their painted blooms the ev'ning dew;
The lab'ring cattle sink to still repose,
The songsters rest, and slumbers ev'ry view.

VII.

The pallid Queen yet still to me appears
(The sole companion of thy peaceful round)
O'er drooping nature to dissolve in tears,
And melt in vapour on the dewy ground.

VIII.

Thus life is checker'd oft by sudden squalls,
Which frequent 'whelm us in a gulf of woes,
Where thicken'd danger e'en the soul appalls,
And dreaded blights in ev'ry breeze that blows.

IX.

The equal quick succeeds a silent calm,
Where love and quiet 'n each bosom reign,
Where far from danger, and from dread alarm,
Life glides away till Death usurps the plain.

London,
May 13th, 1803.

R. T. OLIVANT.

IMPROMPTU,

ON RECEIVING A LETTER IN BAD BLANK VERSE.

YOU sent me what you call blank verse—
The very name you've hit:
For blank, indeed, it really is
Of either sense or wit.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON ATTEMPTING TO WRITE SOME VERSES, AND NOT SUCCEEDING.

WHAT have I done? ye Muses, say,
That thus my vows in vain I pay
To either one or t'other?
Three sheets of paper have I torn;
My nice crow-quill next did I burn;
Where shall I find another?

And o'er my writing-desk, alas!
My ink-stand, made of brittle glass,
I carelessly threw down!
Alack! alack! 't has stain'd my books,
Blotted my paper, and, gadzooks!
Has spoil'd my nice white gown!

O, Poesy!—tormenting jade!
Not long my vows to thee I've paid,
And since thou'rt grown so proud,
Ne'er in my hand to take a pen,
To try thy knotty strains again,
To day I'd almost vow'd.

But e'er the fatal vow was made,
I stopp'd, and softly thus I said—
For this once I'll forgive ye:
But if again you use me so,
By all above, and all below,
(I hope you'll now believe me;)

If e'er you make me fret and frown,
And spill my ink, and spoil my gown,
And waste my sheets of paper;
I'll ne'er again your aid implore;
Nor *take* it, were you at the door;
So back to th' Heliconian shore
You all again may caper.

June, 10th, 1803. ISABELLA.

LINES,

Written after the Author had perused the Will of his Great-Grandfather, in which a Legacy had been bequeathed to him.

BY MR HACKETT.

BLEST be thy sacred name, thou rev'rend sire,
Whose kind affections beam'd on me, a child!
Though years have past since thou hast join'd the choir
Where angels sing, in regions undefil'd,
Yet I remember, in my bib, and frock,
When by your bed-side I have often sat,
Sportive, I us'd your dying cough to mock,
And from your quiv'ring hand receiv'd a pat!

Ah,

Ah, happy days! when, with an artless look,
I thank'd you for the raisins you produc'd,
And expeditiously your room forsook,
When their small number was to one reduc'd.—
In those gay moments, when I turn'd away,
And graceless left you, as I thought, alone,
Perhaps, you pictur'd forth that unborn day,
When to the years of manhood I'd be grown,
And, restless, tost upon the sea of life,
Without a friend to guide me in my way,
Then made provision 'gainst that future strife,
No gratitude of mine can e'er repay!
'Twas wrong, 'twas very wrong, when thou wast dead,
For my old nurse to take me to thy bier,
And bid me touch thy lifeless, hallow'd head,
That struck my little heart with horrid fear.—
Yet more, she made me kiss thy livid face,
And held me, trembling, o'er thy coffin's side,
Upon thy features my pale lips to place,
At which I loudly screech'd, and shudd'ring cried!
Perhaps, that fear remain'd so deep impress'd,
As thus to leave each image in my mind,
Which long since, otherwise, had flown my breast,
Nor left a shadow of what pass'd behind.
The grass that's wildly growing round thy grave,
Has not been quite untrodden by my feet;
Nor does it seem, reproachfully, to wave,
And say, 'twere better we should sometimes meet!
For I have oft upon the marble mus'd,
Thought of your fondness in my early years;
Sigh'd to reflect how much I've been *abus'd*,
Since you first left this pilgrimage of tears!
But this is selfish—I have also trac'd
The worth that all consider'd as your due;
The noble sentiments your bosom grac'd,
The virtuous character that shone in *you!*
Oh! could the music of my verse but rise,
'Midst countless seraphs, and th' harmonic band,
To those bright realms beyond the nether skies,
Thou'dst hear thy kindness in my numbers scan'd:
Though much unskill'd in flowing strains to sing,
Peurile my thoughts, and in my language wild,
Yet still I'd dare my humble wreath to bring;
'Twould meet acceptance, woven *by your child!*
Small is the garland, but sincere the heart
That form'd the tribute for an honor'd head:
Unknown to guile, unsway'd by treach'rous art,
To frame the trifle 'twas affection led!

Temple.

ON

ON A MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND,

WHO DIED LATELY IN CAMBRIDGE.

nam me discedere flevit:
Et, longum *dilecte*, vale, vale, inquit, Iola.
VIRGIL.

MOURN, Friendship, mourn—Anselmo's dead,
Who most rever'd thy sacred name;
And, sympathy, thy pity shed;
And, music, waft the woeful theme:
Ye purest passions, him deplore;
Your faithful vot'ry is no more.—

Who now with us adown the dale
At eve serene our walk shall chear?
Who read the poet's tender tale,
And drop the sympathetic tear?
Ah! social joys for ever fled;
For he, the best of friends, is dead.

Still shall the voice of music sound,
The social evenings still return;
Still shall the friendly glass go round,
And bright the blazing fire shall burn:
But little now these sweets bested;
For he that made them sweet—is dead.

Now oft I leave the crowd behind,
To wander where he once has been;
And call each incident to mind
That happy oft with him I've seen:
Sad memory!—Ah, why so just
When those we lov'd are laid in dust!

Come, mourn with me, companions, come;
Let's sing the dirge he us'd to sing;
To poor Anselmo's grassy tomb
Each youth a tender tear shall bring;
And Friendship shall his loss bemoan;
For he, the best of friends, is gone.

And Love—But hold—no more I'll sing;
No more I'll add to Sorrow's smart:
I fear I've touch'd a tender string,
That thrills a mourning maiden's heart!
Sweet maid, like him, to Heav'n resign,
And he and Heav'n shall then be thine.

Had

Had we, dear youth, thy poet's pow'rs,
For thee we'd lift the lofty line;
No praises then should equal ours,—
For no deserts e'er equal'd thine.
May all like thee alike be bless'd—
To live belov'd, and die caress'd.

But come—the poet's task forbear;
Affliction makes our efforts faint:
Let's imitate his virtues fair,
And practise what we cannot paint:
Let's tread the noble path he trod—
It leads to happiness and God.—

Christ Church, Oxford,
May 30th, 1803. MUSIPHILUS.

A RURAL DAY.

LOST to town, and all its treasures,
Quick to rural scenes I fly;
Taste the sweets of rustic pleasures;
Who so happy then as I?

Pleas'd I saunter through the vale,
Or, reclin'd some bank along,
Catch the fragrance of the gale,
List'ning to the blackbird's song.

Or through new crop'd meadows stray,
Culling pleasure from some book,
As I stretch on half-turn'd hay,
Close beside the rippling brook.

Thus the day unconscious passes,
Free from care, and void of guile,
At eve to prattle with the lasses,
As they're seated on the style.

Else alone some height ascending,
All around me, hush'd and still,
View the orb of light descending,
Fringe with gold the neighbouring hill.

Now the vivid glow is fainting
Into softer, purpler hue.
This the west alone is painting:
All beside a dingy blue.

Save where here and there just peeping,
Stars afford their timid light;
Tired Nature slumb'ring, sleeping,
Hails the soft approach of night.

Hampstead. C. S.

MORNING.

IN this bright dewy landscape what beauties are seen,
What cheerfulness reigns all around!
Of the wide-spreading meadows how rich is the green,
What sweet flow'rets enamel the ground!

How gay the lark carols to morn's early dawn,
How sweet tunes the sparrow her song!
The kids gambol lightly across the smooth lawn;
The lambkins frisk sportive along.

O'er yon long chain of hills, that lie far to the east,
Aurora's first beam I descry;
It brightens, it spreads, it disperses the mist,
And diffuses a blush o'er the sky.

How enrich'd is the prospect, how green look the trees,
How fresh breathes the pure morning air!
What fragrance arrives in each soft-blowing breeze,
From the flowers in yon gaudy parterre!

In these scenes of pure nature, for ever serene,
How sweet must the hours glide away!
While the seasons still vary, new beauties are seen,
And fresh sweets are discover'd each day.

ISABELLA.

ELEGY.

IN vain this tear, lamented maid, is shed;
In vain this breast may sorrow for thy doom;
The pang of woe can never reach the dead,
Or pierce the sad recesses of the tomb.

Yet, sacred shade, the tributary sigh,
Which friendship pays, in tenderness receive:
It is the lot of excellence to die,
And must be Nature's privilege to grieve.

The tender bosom is no longer warm;
That cheek must blush no wondrous graces more;
For death, alas! has triumph'd o'er a form
Design'd to conquer all the world before.

But here reflection easily may find
The short duration of the human state;
Since all the noblest virtues of the mind
Can ne'er exempt us from the stroke of fate.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AT SUNDERLAND AFTER A STORM.

ON the calm surface of the placid deep
The moon unclouded shone serenely bright,
Imprison'd close, the winds were sunk to sleep,
Nor aught disturb'd the silent reign of Night;

When, lonely seated on a chalky cliff,
Whose sounding base old Ocean's waters lave,
In soothing pity, thus declar'd my grief;
Pity, companion of the good and brave.

Deceitful sea, I cried, how tranquil flow
Thy waves in gentle murmurs to the shore!
How lucid shine thy glassy mirrors now!
No more we hear thy loud rebellious roar.

Behold yon shattered bark, but yesterday
She ventur'd forth, allur'd by gentle gales;
Awhile she prosperous plows her watery way,
Till the rude storm her stately pomp assails.

In vain the mariners exert their power,
In vain they strive the tempest's rage to brave;
Wreck'd by its fury on the rocky shore,
They all are buried in one humid grave.

And see what yonder rises to my view,
A lifeless carcase floating on the deep:
Struck with the sight, the tears my cheeks bedew:
Who so insensible as not to weep?

Perhaps his little family in vain,
Who sole depend upon his safe return,
For rigid want and poverty complain,
And for their sire's delay unceasing mourn.

Ah, hapless orphans, nought avails your sighs;
Doom'd ne'er to view your wretched father more;
Far from his friends, and native home, he lies
Expos'd, and breathless, on an unknown shore!

PASTORA:

PASTORA;
OR, THE LOST LAMBKIN.

I.

SOFT breath'd the balmy breath of drowsy Night,
Sleep o'er the earth her poppy garland threw,
And pallid Luna, with a trem'lous light,
Illum'd the flow'rets bent with pearly dew;

II.

When o'er the briary heath Pastora stray'd,
Seeking her lambkin, but, alas! in vain,
Till, tired, thus began the hapless maid,
In mournful accents, sadden'd, to complain.

III.

"Ah me, alas! why was I doom'd to know
"The cruel pangs of expectation cross'd!
"To sip the bitter of the urn of woe,
"And thus bemoan a fav'rite lambkin lost!

IV.

"Housed by me, through winter's dreary reign,
"I kindly nurs'd my little bleating care:
"At spring I led thee to the flowr'y plain,
"To sip the dews, and breathe the sweeten'd air.

V.

"How oft with thee have I my hours beguil'd,
"Tending my flock beneath the alder's shade!
"Decked with garlands of sweet flow'rets, wild—
"But now, ah see how all my care's repaid!

VI.

"But since to me that pleasing task is o'er,
"I mourn thy absence, and relent thy fate!
"Thy cruel wand'ring grieves my bosom more
"Than sighs can utter, or my words relate!

VII.

"Perhaps, thought'ess wand'rer, in thy dreary way
"Some villain trav'ler's mark'd thee for his own!—
"Ah, wretched thought! —has borne thee far away,
"To distant pastures, never to return!

VIII.

"Perhaps, subjected to a stern command,
"Thou, unaccustom'd, loaths a coarser food;
"Or now beneath thy dire destroyer's hand,
"Licking the knife that's rear'd to shed thy blood."*

She

* Pope.

IX.

She spoke—and sudden gave a glance around,
As her swoln bosom heav'd a lengthen'd sigh!
When from a furze she heard a bleating sound:—
"Oh, heav'n!"—she cry'd—"It is my lambkin nigh!"

X.

Nor vain the thought—she clasp'd him to her breast,
Chided a sigh, "Why careless didst thou roam?"
A falling tear her rising joy express'd:
She bore the wand'rer to her cottage home.

Southwark,
June 10, 1803. Σιγμα.

LINES TO MR. ——

BY MR. HACKETT.

BY the simper that smirks on your face,
By the grin that exposes your teeth,
The quick soul of discernment can trace,
That your mind's like a rude barren heath!
When your folly with wisdom would vie,
And you boldly your nonsense declare,
By the envy, that beams in your eye,
I discover the *fool*, and the *bear!*—

When your prattle begins to resound,
And you chatter along with the fair;
With such weakness your notions abound,
That they torture the delicate ear!
Tho' your figure be gracefully deck'd;
Not the charms of the form, but the mind,
With the fair-ones, can gain you respect;
Tho' their nature be tender and kind!—

Then from polish'd society haste,
And fly to the regions of folly;
For the charms of an elegant taste
Prevail not with those who are *jolly!*
'Midst the herd you may bellow and sing,
And be prais'd, and admir'd, for your notes;
And be dubb'd, of fine singers, the king,
With the sweetest and softest of throats!—

When by bus'ness your time is engross'd,
How you splutter and bustle about!
Of your industry, constantly boast,
To preclude the least shadow of doubt!
To discover the traits of your mind,
To Lavater I need not apply;
For your manners are rude as a hind,
And your tongue's ever tipt with a lie!

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN A GROVE.

HAIL, sacred haunts! fit to receive
Far better guests than sinful man;
Once more the busy town I leave,
And seek your solemn shades again.

The freshness of the twilight grove,
The murmuring fountain's soothing sound,
The music of the birds above,
The fragrance of the fields around;

All these have power to charm despair,
To check the bosom's swelling sigh;
To smooth the wrinkled brow of care;
And wipe the tear from Sorrow's eye.

Come, Contemplation! with thy train,
Let gloom congenial court thy stay,
Till Philomel renews her strain,
And drives each anxious care away.

June 9th, 1803. C. S.

Correspondence, &c.

Musiphilus *shall always, when convenient, be particularly attended to; only reserving to ourselves the privilege of acting by him, as we do by all our other literary Correspondents; impartially to examine, and, after having so done, either to insert, or reject, any of his Productions, as we may deem it compatible with the plan of the Lady's Museum.—With respect to the Poem he mentioned in his last, if he will enclose it in a packet, and send it per Coach to the Publishers', its merits shall be carefully investigated; and, unless found to be exceptionable, have due insertion. If it should not answer our purpose, it shall be safely returned to him again.*

We wish Mr. H—tt *to observe, that when his Name has not appeared to his favors at full length, it was because we had inserted more than one in the same Number of the Museum, and deemed them not of equal celebrity in our opinion with the others; as well as to do away, in the minds of our other Correspondents, the idea of any partiality to him in the insertion of his Productions.—We can no other way assist him in the publication of his Volume of Poems, than by advertising it on the Wrapper of the Lady's Museum, which we shall be very ready to do when he thinks proper, by sending an order, accompanied with the usual sum for payment at the Stamp Office, &c. We have no doubt, from the great sale and extensive circulation of our Work, but he will find such mode of Advertisement greatly to his advantage.*

J. W. S. *is respectfully referred to the first Article to Correspondents above, for a reason why "* Cupid, &c." *was not inserted. He will observe that the rest of his favours have been duly attended to.*

The Favours of R. T. O. T. B. *and other poetical Correspondents, are unavoidably deferred till next Month.*

BRITISH
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OCT

W. Beaney del. E. Mackenzie sc.

LADY HAMILTON.

Published by Verner & Hood Aug.st 1.1803.